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NO. 18.

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BY D. M. C. GAULT & COMPY.

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A DOCTOR'S SECRET.

A Strange Story.

It was midsummer and high noon
when her soul dropped its humanity
I held her in my arms till the very end;
then I laid down the deserted chrysalis
of the immortal soul, and left it for
awhile. I went out to commune with
myself; I wished to be away from the
idle gabble of those who thought them-
selves able to comprehend and sympa-
thize with me because of our human
ity.

The fields were basking still and
green in the broad and yellow sunlight;
the cattle were resting in unreasoning
animal content in the cool shadow of
the flickering foliage; the great blue-
rimmed lake smiled, sparkled and crink-
led in the full moonlight.

I saw these things, not in their real-
ities, but in their possibilities. The
fields, bathed in sunlight, and vocal
with the shrill chorus of the insect or-
chestra, became verdant and silent,
and yawned into deep sepulchres for
the entombment of all life; the beasts,
ruminant and content, decay again,
and be again reborn. All created life,
to my grief-appointed eyes, was but a
whirling circle, and to die was but a
change of form.

But I held in my hand a secret. It
would enable me to make exceptions to
the universal law—I, an infinitesimal
atom of the universe, had learned how
to contravene the apparently immut-
able order of things.

I had learned how to arrest decay.

This knowledge was no sudden in-
spiration. It was the result of a long, la-
borious study and research. It was a
successful result after many vain ex-
periments—a victory wrested from
countless failures. Not in my own
cause had I so ardently striven for the
possession of this secret; it was for her,
my beloved, my beautiful bride, who
had just died upon my breast. All un-
conscious of my dread knowledge, she
had calmly talked of the time when her
soul should be awaiting mine in another
sphere, while the perfect form which
rested in my arms should bloom into
flowers, or be blown hither and yon by
idle winds, like common dust.

I looked upon that sweet face, and
silently swore to myself that was so
dear to me should never become *nothing*.
The breaking of one of creation's
laws weighed little with me in com-
parison with the utter loss of that dear
incarnation. True I could not bind
the soul to earth—I had no power over
spirit, but only over matter—but I
could render the body imperishable.
Perhaps I hoped at some future hour
the soul would revisit the temple thus
kept inviolate.

Filled with this resolution, I return-
ed to the body, and subjected it to cer-
tain operations which my researches
had proven would suspend the natural
law that governs lifeless matter. I
extracted all the blood from the body
and replaced it with a liquid prepara-
tion. Further revelations I cannot
make. It is one of the secrets which
cannot be imparted. Each rash in-
quirer must, at the hazard of life and
reason, wrest it from among nature's well-
guarded mysteries.

While the world slept I worked,
quickly and steadily. At last the morn-
ing broke, and my task was finished.
Slowly and gradually rose the god of
day. He shone upon a new sight—
unchangeable matter. One faithful ray
he shot through the oriel window;
it fell upon the statue-like figure, and
bathed it as if in blood. There seemed
nothing ominous in that sign to me—
then,

Scarlet had been my wife's favorite
color, and I remembered this when I
prepared the room wherein to place the
body. The walls were hung with it;
the floor was carpeted with it; and
heavy folds of the same ensanguined
hue draped the high windows and ex-
cluded every ray of light. The vast
ceiling was frescoed to represent a cur-
tain parted in the center for the de-
scent of an angel, and the face of the
angel was the face of my bride.

All around the walls, near to the
ceiling, burned continually tall, slender
spears of flame. In the center of the
room—the only object in it—was the
catafalque. Upon it, covered with a
pall of white velvet, rested the form
which I had preserved from decay.
White and cold, like marble, but yet
flexible, it was and would remain the
only incorruptible animal matter upon
the globe.

In this mausoleum I spent the ma-
jority of my time. No other human
being knew the secret guarded by those
locked doors. I held no converse with
my fellow men. I lost count of the
days and months—yes, even of the
years. My world was the scarlet-hung
garishly lighted room; my companion
a human form, long lifeless, and immu-
tably staid on the verge of dissolution.

But as my crime was unparalleled,
so was my punishment—to be unprece-
dented.

There came at last a message from
the outer world. A kinsman lay dy-
ing, and I obeyed the summons. The
night that succeeded that day's jour-
ney was the first wherein I had not
rested beside my wife's bier, and slight-
ly slumbered there—ever dreamily con-
scious of her presence.

Thrice that night I became oblivious
and each time it was broken by a long,
wailing musical note. It was like the
sound of an Eolian harp, save that it
did not vary. It seemed to come from
a window which was close to the bed-
head. I arose, and without lighting
my lamp, drew aside the curtains. The
window was high from the ground, and
being unbalconied, was accessible only
from the interior. The moonlight,
aleful and dazzling, flooded the whole
silent landscape. I passed my hands
over the sash to see if I could discover
any hidden mechanism; but neither by
sight nor touch could I find the origin
of the lugubrious sound.

I find it impossible to explain this
phenomena, even to myself, and it is
difficult to describe it. It was like an
audible sigh, or breath made in a mu-
sical note. It realized perfectly my
idea of "a Mennon, smitten by the
morning sun." It came each time
when I was slipping into clumber, and
ceased after the third time, when, hav-
ing been broadly awakened, I afterward
slept by snatches.

At last the morn broke, cool and fair.
The sun, large and yellow, came slowly
rounding into sight above the horizon's
blue rim. I stood in the garden look-
ing at it. I was thinking how bright-
ly and how vainly it shone upon those
heavily draped windows behind which
lay my dead. I wished to be there.
Outside of that room the world seemed
big and coarse, and hard. That form,
lifeless, empty as it was, was dearer
than any living mortal.

Ah me! I sighed the same odd,
weary sigh. The fresh, sweet morn-
grew dark and old, and life hung upon
me like an ill fitting garment. With a
passionate, hopeless moan, I turned my
back to the blushing, brightening East.
But, in so turning, I confronted a wo-
man who was perfectly in consonance
with the new born day, and so out of
all unison with my funeral meditations.

She was fair, as are all women when
fresh from Heaven's mint, and unpol-
luted by worldly circulation. Her eyes
were dark, and clear, and azure, like
the summer sky at early eventide. Her
lips were folded in a kiss no passion
yet had caused to blossom. When she
smiled, little dimples came out and sun-
ned themselves. She was the personi-
fication of youth and vitality.

As our eyes met, seemed to me that
the corpse I had so long pressed to my
breast dropped from my embrace. A
great instantaneous revulsion of feel-
ing took place. Who was I, that I
should seek to perpetrate and employ
death? Why had I believed that all
life lived but to die, when, in truth, it
died only to be reborn?

"Thine life, not death, for which we pant—
Mo-e life, and I failer, that we want."

Why had I sought to keep a mass of
matter from being recreated, and stay-
ed and fixed it on the verge of dissolu-
tion? What mad purpose had I achiev-
ed in thwarting kindly nature, who
would have made a thousand lovely
living forms of what I had decreed
should remain a horrible incarnation of
death?

Thus did all morbid fancies and
ghoul-like ideas vanish before this
young girl's glance, like devils before
the flash of angel's wings. From that
moment I loathed my work. I could
not undo what I had done; I could not
destroy what I had made indelible.
There was only left me the source of
oblivion. I persistently thrust away
from me all remembrance of that gar-
ish mausoleum, its scarlet hangings, its
steady, unflickering lights, its awful sil-
ence.

In this new life I was like one raised
from the dead. I could not believe
that skies were ever so blue or star-
studded as before; fields so green or
moons so silvery. A presentiment of
evil haunted me, but it came from the
past, and I resolutely turned my back
upon it, was defiantly happy.

The young girl who thus brought
me out of death into life, was the
daughter of my host. She, her dying
father and myself, were the last sole
descendants of an old, pure-blooded
race. The thought of connecting our
young lives must, therefore, have oc-
curred to all three of us. Her father
feared her friendless future. I loved
her, and she looked forward only to her
loneliness unless she yielded to her
heart and became my wife. She knew
I had been married before, and that I
was a widower—and she knew no more.
She learned this from her father. Not
by any self control could I bring my-
self to speak to her directly about my
lost wife.

Our bridal was solemnized in the
presence of the dying; the old man,
her father, had so desired it, and he
drew his last breath as the final words
of the service were being pronounced.
I could not notice how death had set
his seal upon my second marriage, but
I mentally scoffed at the omens. As I
said before, I was defiantly happy.

I have spoken of my punishment
as being unprecedented. It was with-
out so horrible, that now, when I am
about to begin its recital, I hesitate
and feel that I can hardly hope for cre-
dence.

The third morning after our mar-
riage, my wife woke me up by a cry
of mingled terror and surprise. Upon
her pillow were one or two drops of
dried blood, and on her round arm and
white neck was the purple spot from
which they oozed. She professed ut-
ter ignorance in regard to the affair,
declared that she had never slept more
soundly, and that the wound must have
been made during her slumber.

Finally, after much wondering
and arguing, we settled down in the belief
that it was the work of some insect.
I noticed, however, that though she de-
nied feeling any pain in the wound,
she looked wan and appeared weak.
She hid the puncture with a ruff of
fine, soft lace. In a few days it had
faded to a little pink spot, and finally
disappeared.

From that night my wife grew daily
more languid and pale. At long inter-
vals the mysterious wound was repeat-
ed, though it did not appear upon the
throat a second time. First the right
wrist was punctured and discolored,
and then the left. Hitherto I had re-
frained from calling in a physician,
in consequence of my wife's entreaties
not to. After this third attack I con-
sulted one. He came—a solemn, bo-
spected old gentleman. He spent
the first quarter of an hour in examin-
ing the wound, and explaining why it
was impossible for it to be an eruption;
the next quarter in shaking alternately
his lotion and his head.

The third wound, like its predecess-
ors, grew gradually fainter and smaller
until it was invisible. Its enervating
effects continued, however. My wife
had now become so much of an inva-
lid that she rarely rose from her couch.
Her skin was like wax, save for the
blue, thready veins which ramified it.
I realized that, slowly but surely, she
was wasting away. Another of those
mysterious wounds would literally suck
her life—yet, how to avert it?

Since her last attack, if such it was,
I had consulted every medical man ac-
cessible to me, but they were all evi-
dently nonplussed. I did not under-
rate their skill because of their igno-
rance in the case. I realized that this
was something far beyond the common
ailments of mortality. Suspicious, un-
defined and yet horrible, were begin-
ning to revolve themselves in my mind.
Witchcraft, spiritualism, demonism, all
these in turn my distracted mind can-
vassed and rejected, only to return and
canvass afresh.

It was at this time, after the third
wound, and while I was in this mental
confusion, that I was pacing the street
with eyes downcast and mind distracted
I saw the following advertisement post-
ed upon the sidewalk:

"What is it you wish to know?" Go
to Dr. Stellare; he knows what has
been, which is, and which will be.
Nothing is hidden from him. No. 95
—street.

I went straight from the reading of
this placard to see the sage.

I was admitted into a sort of ante-
room, where the doctor soon joined me.
He inspired me with chilling awe. He
was tall and emaciated. His black,
deep-set eyes glowed like coral with a
sort of lurid light, horrible to see. His
heavy black hair hung like some solid
mass below his shoulders; his dressing
gown even calculated to strike ter-
ror to the heart of the seeker of for-
bidden knowledge. It was some kind
of black stuff, with what appeared to
be yellow lines and spots mottling it.
A longer and closer inspection of these
yellow devices proved them to be danc-
ing, grotesquely-postured, orange-hued
devils. After making that discovery
the yellow hue would never resume its
original innocent aspect, but remained
fiendish to the end.

Fixing his gaze upon me, he began,
in a low, sepulchral voice, and in a
tragic style, to announce the object of
my visit—he stated it correctly. He
then turned, and lightly struck a cur-
tain behind him with a hazy wand.
"Behold!" he said.

The curtain parted and showed a
vista of darkness. At the further end,
in letters of blue flame, were the words:
"The living are dying that the dead
may live."

At the sight of these characters—
this oracular inscription—my heart
gave one convulsive bound, and then
seemed to become cold and still. I
asked no further questions; I paid my
fee, and rushed from the house. My
suspicions were scarcely yet defined.
The thing which the blue letters hint-
ed of was too horrible for credence. Yet
there was no rest for me until I had
confronted the truth. To rid myself
of this dreadful, haunting terror, it
was necessary I should go back to the
scarlet chamber and look again upon
my dead.

I went without delay. I did not
even return to tell my wife of my pro-
posed journey. I traveled night and
day, and reached my former home in
the spring twilight. The old house,
gray and ghostly, stood out against the
dun sky; the decrepit old man, who
was its only living occupant, peered at
me with his dim eyes, not knowing me
at first sight. I rid myself of him in a
few words, and slowly mounted the
stairs, and stood before the door which
hid my awful secret. I had always
carried the key about me; I had it
now in my hand, pausing, hesitating,
trembling. Day and night the gas-jet
burned in that long unopened room.
Something, then, I should see—but
what? The key turned smoothly in the
lock, the door moved easily upon its
hinges, and I stood on the threshold
looking into the secret chamber. Under
the white velvet pall still lay the clay
form of one so madly worshipped. But
even from where I stood, the rigid face,
once so wax-like, had a delicate but
fresh tint: It is the shadow of the
draperies, I thought. But the scarlet
draperies were not near the body. Did
the muslin upon the breast move?
Yes, it stirred. "No, no," I whispered;
"it is but the flickering of the gas
lights." But the lights burned straight
and steadily.

Slowly, creeping like a cat, step by
step, never taking my eyes from the
body, I approached. The face was
fairly flushed with the hue of life—
the bosom had an almost imperceptible
rise and fall, but the eyes were closed.
If they should open! With a desper-
ate effort, wherein I seemed to concen-
trate all the energies which should
have lasted a lifetime, I put out my
hand and touched the wrist of the
dead.

Good God! The pulse was soft and
even.
My heart stood still, my blood con-
gealed, and a wave of darkness seemed
suddenly to engulf me. I knew no
more.

Extract from the Chicago Morning Chronicle,
April 1, 18—

The above was handed to us for pub-
lication, having been found among the
effects of the late Dr. Cruger, who
died on last Thursday at the Insane
Asylum in Jacksonville. Two months
ago the doctor was discovered in an in-
sensible condition in one of the upper
chambers of his house. He had re-
turned home only the evening before,
having been absent for more than a
year. The room in which he was
found was usually kept locked, the key
remaining in the doctor's possession.
The servant, seeing the key in the lock

(Concluded on fourth page.)

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, &C.

JAS. McCAIN,
Att'y & Counsellor-at-Law
McMinnville, Yamhill Co., Oregon.

J. R. SITES, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Dallas, Ogn.

Having resumed practice, will give special
attention to Obstetrics, and the treatment of
the Diseases of Women and Children.
Office at his residence.

VINEYARD & BUTLER,
Att'y & Counsellor-at-Law
Dallas, Oregon.

Will give special attention to the collection of
Claims, and all business entrusted to his care.
REFERENCES—Hon. John Burnett, Hon.
R. S. Strahan & Simpson, Hon. A. J. Thayer.

B. F. BOND, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Dallas, Oregon.

OFFICE—At Nichols' Drug Store. 36

W. D. JEFFRIES, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Eola, Oregon.

Special attention given to Obstetrics and
Diseases of Women. 11f

J. E. DAVIDSON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Independence, Ogn. 1

T. V. B. Embree,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
AMITY, YAMHILL CO., OREGON.

Office at residence. 14y1

C. G. CURT,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
SALEM, OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of Record and
Inferior Courts of this State.

OFFICE—In Watkins & Co's Brick, up
stairs. 1

Hayden & Myer,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Dallas, Oregon.

OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE. 1

SULLIVAN & WHITSON,
Attorneys & Counsellors-at-Law,
Dallas, Oregon.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. 1

J. L. COLLINS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
Dallas, Oregon.

Special attention given to Collections and to
matters pertaining to Real Estate. 1

J. A. Applegate,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Dallas, Polk County, Ogn. 1

L. J. WARDLAW, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Lewisville, Polk Co., Ogn.

Has recently returned from the Atlantic States
and offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of the County.

Particular attention given to Female Dis-
eases. 2-f

KNIGHT & LORD,
Att'y & Counsellor-at-Law,
Corner Commercial and State Streets,
Opposite Land & Bush's Bank,
SALEM, OREGON.

Will practice in the Supreme Court and the
Circuit Courts of the Second and Third Ju-
dicial Districts. 2-f

CURREY & HURLEY,
Attorneys-At-Law,
LAFAYETTE - - - OREGON. 3-f

MARION RAMSEY,
Att'y & Counsellor-at-Law,
Lafayette, Oregon. 3-f

RUSSELL & FERRY,
Real Estate Brokers and
Collection Agents,
Northwest Cor. of First and Washington
Streets,
PORTLAND - - - OREGON. 3-f

Special attention given to the sale of Real
Estate. Collections made in Oregon and the
Territories.

Property, town lots, improved farms, stock
ranches, lands, &c., situated in the best portions
of Oregon and W. T., for sale on reasonable
terms. 3-f

A. F. FORBES,
Att'y & Counsellor-at-Law,
Lafayette, Oregon. 3-f

F. S. MATTESON,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucher,
Buena Vista, Polk Co., Ogn.

Will attend promptly to professional calls. 7-6m

JENNINGS LODGE No. 9 F
& A. M., Dallas, holds its regular com-
munications on the Saturday preceding
the Full Moon in each month, unless the moon
falls on Saturday—then on that day, at one
o'clock.

Also, on the second Friday in each month,
at 7 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of improv-
ment of the Craft in Masonry, and for such
other work as the Master may from time to
time order.

All Brethren in good standing are invited to
attend. By order of the W. M.

MORE THAN 200,000 PERSONS
Bear testimony to the Wonderful Curative
Effects of
Dr. Joseph Walker's

VINEGAR BITTERS
These Bitters are not a diluted pill, or a cheap
or please the fancy, but a medicinal preparation, com-
posed of the best vegetable ingredients known.

Dr. Joseph Walker's
VINEGAR BITTERS

Manufactured from the native Herbs and Roots
of California.

The Great Blood Purifier
FOR INFLAMMATORY AND CHRON-
IC RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, DYSPEP-
SIA OR INDIGESTION, BILIOUS, REMIT-
TENT AND INTERMITTENT FEVERS,
DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, LIVER,
KIDNEYS AND BLADDER, these BITTERS
have been most successful. SUCH DISEASES
are caused by VITIATED BLOOD, which
is generally produced by derangement of the
DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

cleanse the Vitiated Blood, whenever you
find its impurities bursting through the skin in
Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when
you find it obstructed and sluggish in the
veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feel-
ings will tell you when. Keep the blood health-
thy, and all will be well.

AGENTS,
R. H. McDONALD & Co.,
Importing Wholesale
DRUGGISTS,
Corner Pine and Sansome Streets, San Fran-
cisco, Cal., and Sacramento, Cal., and
34 Platt street, N. Y.

E. D. SLOAT,
Carriage and Ornamental
SIGN PAINTER,
Commercial Street,
Opposite Starkey's Block. SALEM. 21-f

"GEM" SALOON,
MAIN STREET, INDEPENDENCE.
FINE WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS
served to customers on short notice.
This establishment does not dispense tangle-
foot or anything of that character.

Call at the Gem. 22-f

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY,
Corner Mill and Main streets, Dallas.

Riggs & Campbell
HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND
a large variety of Doors and
Sashes, of all the common sizes, and of
the best workmanship, at their Sash and Door
Factory, which they offer for sale as cheap as
such articles can be purchased elsewhere.

They are also prepared to fill all special or-
ders for work in their line promptly, cheaply
and accurately.

Give us a trial, and you will be satisfied.
2
RIGGS & CAMPBELL.

NOTICE.
I WILL SELL OR TRADE FOR HORSES,
cattle or sheep, my CAMERA and PHO-
TOGRAPHIC STOCK; also my dwelling
house and Gallery in Dallas. For particulars
inquire of B. F. Nichols or
CHAS. LAFOLLETTE. 10-f

Final Settlement.
W. M. CHURCHILL, ADMINISTRATOR
of the estate of J. M. Rose, deceased,
having filed his final account and asked for
final settlement of the same, It is ordered by
the Court that Tuesday, July 5th, 1870, be set
for the final hearing of said account; and all
persons interested therein are required to ap-
pear in the County Court of Polk county, Ore-
gon, on that day, and file their objections to
the same, if any there be.

J. L. COLLINS, Co. Judge. 13-f